As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his owne.
To euill should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne.
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do testifie.
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued.
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
with the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gane, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of *Planets* all did sit.
To knit in her this best perfections

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her though the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men

Her face the booke of praises,
Nothing but curious pleasure
Sorrow were euer rackt, and
Could neuer be her milde con
You Gods that made me man,
That haue enaflm'd desire in m
To taste the fruite of yon cele
[Or die in the aduenture] be m
As I am sonne and seruant to y
To compasse such a bondlesse

Ant. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be sonne to
Ant. Before thee stands this
With golden fruit, but dangero
For death like dragons here aff
Her face like heauen, intices th
Her countlesse glory, which de
And which without desert bec
Presumes to reach, all the whol
Yon sometimes famous Princes
Drawne by report, aduenturo
Tell thee with speechlesse tong
That without couering, saue yo
Heere they stand martyrs, slain
And with dead cheekes aduise t
For going on deaths net, whor

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee
My fraile mortallity to know i
And by those fearefull obiects t
This body, like to them, to wha
For death remembred, should b
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to
Ile make my will then, and as
Who know the world, see heat
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as
So I bequeath a happy peace to
And all good men, as euery Prin

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